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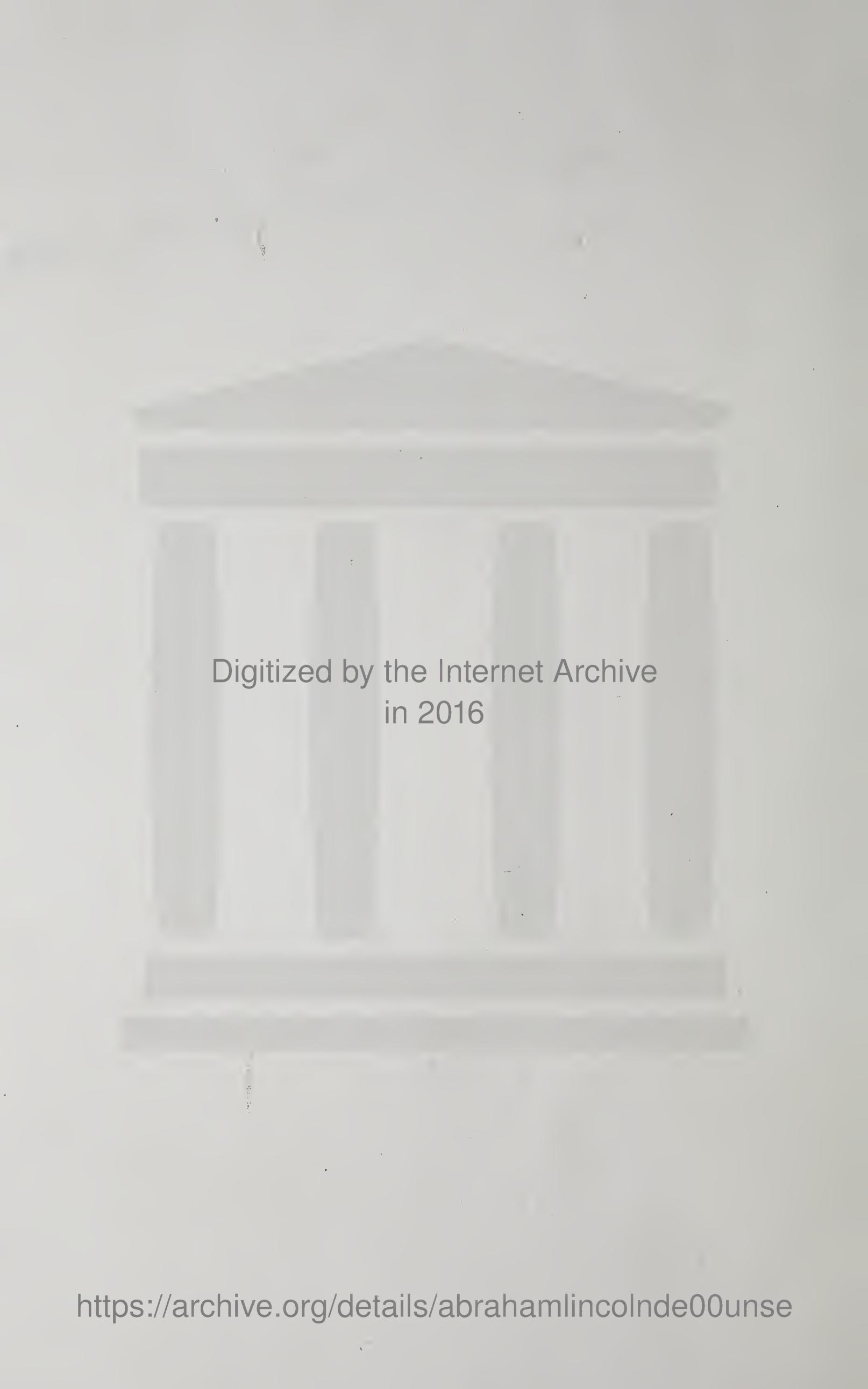
THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN: BY EDWARD PORRITT.

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A faint, light gray watermark of the Lincoln Memorial is visible in the background. The memorial is a large, neoclassical structure with a prominent portico of Corinthian columns supporting a classical entablature and a triangular pediment. The central feature is a seated statue of Abraham Lincoln.

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THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXXXIX

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so much that I should have had little profit when all was done."

"What I don't understand," said Grierson, "is why you left the boats. Why didn't you sink them? I suppose that's what your cannon was for."

"Sahib," said Terra Marique, "I said I was a fool. Let one saying suffice for all. There is a man in a bazaar—I will not say his name, for he can wait—who sold me the gun. With it I

Blackwood's Magazine.

bought at great price twenty-five cartridges. He said they were well and truly loaded, and the best. Sahib, they were blanks."

Terra Marique said no more, was taken away, and still saying no more went quietly to jail. But there lives a man in a bazaar—his name has not been said—who once dealt in a brass-saluting cannon and cartridges to match; and him, a period hence, I should not care to be.

Hilton Brown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR.

The United States of America exists today because Lincoln was President during the great Civil War. At first he was looked upon as a quaint human lyric from the backwoods; few saw in him the qualities of leadership, because his person and his manners seemed out of place in "polite society." Then it was noticed that his judgment was instantaneous, like the coming of light. No statesman has ever reasoned with a greater brevity than Lincoln's, none has ever been less confused by the complexities of social problems. Other democrats of genius have multiplied by their loquacity the muddled ideas which most electors in a free country mistake for political good sense. Lincoln went home at once to the main points of an entangled problem, and never got tired of illustrating them, not in profuse arguments, but in parables, or in humorous tales, or in witty chaff, or in crisp, practical sayings. His speech was never flatulent, nor did it boom with the big drum.

Lincoln knew that personal liberty in prosperous times thrived on a gentle government, which in times of danger would imperil the corporate liberty called the State's life and future. Hence personal liberty alone was not a social ideal, but a habit of self-grati-

fication: it required from citizens enough self-discipline to protect the other freedom—the life of the nation. Moreover, the slave-owning States were mainly agricultural, and their farmers got from Nature a routine like that of the seasons; while the free States were mainly industrial, and crippled by the disunion that industrialism produced. Techiness in the North confronted a forward-going purpose in the South.

Lincoln's position was like that of a dominie in a school for spoiled children, or like that of a musical conductor when a dozen petted tenors and sopranos quarrel over their ridiculous whims. It is a wonderful comedy to read about his wise tact, and his infinite patience, and his cool and humorous constancy. At first his generals trifled with their jealousy rather than win a battle; newspapers abused him in violent screams, for they wanted a President enslaved to hysteria; and the bigwigs of Washington were startled by his camp manners and annoyed by his genius, which corrected the State papers of Seward and put out of vogue the hollow eloquence of Sumner. Even his favorite secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, often laughed at Lincoln's oddities, made jokes about his habit of spitting, and called him "the Tycoon." Social eti-

quette and distinction could not be acquired during the Civil War by this President, who came from the people to save the people from dandified officials and from themselves.

His supreme naturalness and his patient concentration were the qualities which at last saved Lincoln from being defeated by his own side. Self was nothing to him, his Cause was everything; and he gave everyone a fair chance to serve the Cause, accepting even insults if he believed that they came from a person who was necessary to the Union. General McClellan insulted him more than once, but "Little Mac" could train soldiers and for this reason Lincoln made use of him for a long time. Even after the second Battle of Bull Run, where McClellan left Pope in the lurch, Lincoln said: "We must use what tools we have. There is no one in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half so well as McClellan. Unquestionably he has acted badly toward Pope. He wanted Pope to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice."

McClellan had in its worst form the feeble official habit that pleads for gentle criticism. "Don't let them hurry me!" was the burden of his talk and of his dispatches. After the battle of Antietam Lincoln went to the field and ordered "Little Mac" to move. "But when I got home," said Lincoln, "he began to argue why he ought not to move. I peremptorily ordered him to advance. It was nineteen days before he put a man over the river. It was nine days longer before he got his army across, and then he stopped again. . . . I began to fear he was playing false—that he did not want to hurt the enemy. I saw how he could intercept the enemy on the way to Richmond, and determined to make that the test. If he let them get away I

would remove him. He did so, and I relieved him." Yet crowds of illusionists preferred "Little Mac" to Lincoln, and resented his downfall.

Lincoln was often too modest in his attitude to military direction. More than one of the Union generals regarded Lincoln as fit to be a good commander; and the President himself said, after Gettysburg, when Lee's army got away from General Meade, "If I had gone up there I could have whipped them myself." "We had them within our grasp, we had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours." From Washington Lincoln sent excellent orders, but the Union army under Meade did not move, because a council of corps commanders had a majority in favor of inaction. Had Lincoln been present at Gettysburg Lee's army would have been crushed, and with it the Rebellion, perhaps.

Lincoln grew slowly into his dictatorship, for he was obliged to waste much time on innumerable place-seekers who preyed upon his forbearance, begging for odds and ends of favors while the whole country was in danger. All day long these harpies were on the watch, and Lincoln said: "They don't want much, they get but little, and I must see them." There were enemies enough in his own camp: he could not afford to add to their number by snubbing place-seekers. So he paid in full the tribute that democracy exacted from him.

To Lincoln himself this seemed inevitable, because his attitude to the war was determined by two different conceptions of moral duty: one self-evident and the other an idea to be made real. It was self-evident that a progressive nation divided in States could not remain half-free and half-enslaved; the enslaved portions would corrupt the whole Union; and hence slavery must be ended. But the central idea of all in the President's mind

was the duty of proving that popular government was not an absurdity. "If we fail," he said, "it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but it is not for us to use it in advance: that is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the Government as we find it, we will see if the majority can prevent it."

In Lincoln's case the majority was in the right; but suppose the slavery States had held the majority? Government by votes alone is as risky as it would be to govern by tossing up or by drawing lots. A majority may be on the right side, but a thousand noodles cannot be better for the common good than a single patriot of uncommon ability. Though Lincoln was put in office by a just-thinking majority, and though he toiled to prove that the majority could rule, yet he was obliged to draw nearer and nearer to a dictatorship. All the weakness in the Civil War on the anti-slavery side was civilian egoism, and all the government came from a few exceptional men. The crowd needed drill to turn it into obedient regiments. General Grant said of Lincoln: "He impressed me as being the greatest intellectual force with which I had ever come in contact."

John Hay wrote amusingly of the quaint contrasts in the great President's character. By way of example here are two quotations from Mr. Thayer's "*Life of Hay*".

August 7, 1863: "The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew till

now with what a tyrannous authority he ruled the Cabinet. The most important things he decides, and there is no cavil . . . there is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm."

May 14, 1864: "A little after midnight . . . the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, '*An Unfortunate Bee-ing*': seemingly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind him like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple bonhomie and good fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits."

He loved Shakespeare, and often quoted from "*Richard II*" the passage beginning:

"Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of
Kings."

Perhaps he knew that he, a heaven-sent ruler in a bad time, would fall to one of his many foes. And it is quite in keeping with the contrasts in his life and character that he was in Ford's Theatre watching a farcical comedy, "*Our American Cousin*," when he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, on Good Friday, 14 April, 1865. A few hours later he died at 453, Tenth Street, in a small room on the ground floor.

In all his governing qualities Lincoln remains by far the greatest example of what the ruler of a democracy should be during a perilous time. Infinite patience, with humorous magnanimity,

gave him command over himself; growth in forethought, swiftness in decision at critical moments, and courage to enforce the right policy on his own side, gave him command over the opposition. In minor matters he employed compromise: in matters of supreme moment he was a dictator. Lincoln knew when compromise became a coward and a sneak: and this lesson

The Saturday Review.

is the toughest one that democracy has to learn. Riots in New York followed his use of compulsion in military service; but the ringleaders were punished, and conscription went on. One day he was asked whether he felt sure that God was on his side. Troubled by the want of humility in this question, Lincoln answered: "I hope, at any rate, that I am on God's side."

OUR EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON.

ITS DISSERVICE AS A

"Can anyone imagine," asks the sane and solid *New York Tribune*, "that Sir Cecil Spring Rice would use the American Press as Count Bernstorff has done?" The British Embassy is mournfully described as a "Tower of Silence" to American reporters. No one at the telephone there, it seems, to make Britain's position clear. No Press agent like Bernhard Dernburg, that able Jew who handled America's Press unto America's own admiration.

"The German Embassy," we read per contra, "is a veritable headquarters of information." And in far Berlin are hustling "hyphenates" like Herren von Wiegand and Carl Ackerman, with a suave American Press Bureau at the Wilhelmstrasse to wait upon their wants. Into the gaping notebooks of these men fall staggering "stunts" and "scoops," such as the star reporter only dreamed of in tamer times. Interviews with Papa Zeppelin and the Pope, with the Crown Prince and prancing Bernhardi, with Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Tirpitz, and Falkenhayn, the brain of the German army.

They are dined and wined, these lucky lads of the New York Associated Press, the *World*, and other journals. They are given special trains and cars. Permits here and passes there open

"TOWER OF SILENCE."

every secret avenue, even those closed to German civilians. Their glowing "flimsies" are passed by courier and wireless, with the seal of Staatsangelegenheit upon them. For these journalistic princes of Park Row are now privileged servants of the German Foreign Office. They saturate the greatest of neutrals with the Kaiser's cause and case, which travels far and wide with keen American radiation.

Whereas Downing Street is all but dumb, and in Washington an awesome chill broods over that stately palace in Connecticut Avenue—that "island" home which Sir Edward Thornton built for Britain forty years ago—in what was then the back-blocks of the Federal capital. This is the pressmen's "Tower of Silence." Here the cunningest nose of newscraft has ever been at fault. Now pro-British New York thinks this a pity. There are Wiegands and Ackermans in London (you will hear it argue), but Asquith is a clam and Grey turns a frozen face to all pencil persuasion. The starman turns out of Downing Street to hide professional nudity with Blue-books and White Papers. And even this motley dressing of our case the British Censor rips to rags!

On the other side behold the Mephistophelian Bernstorff sympathizing with Washington listeners in this whispering

